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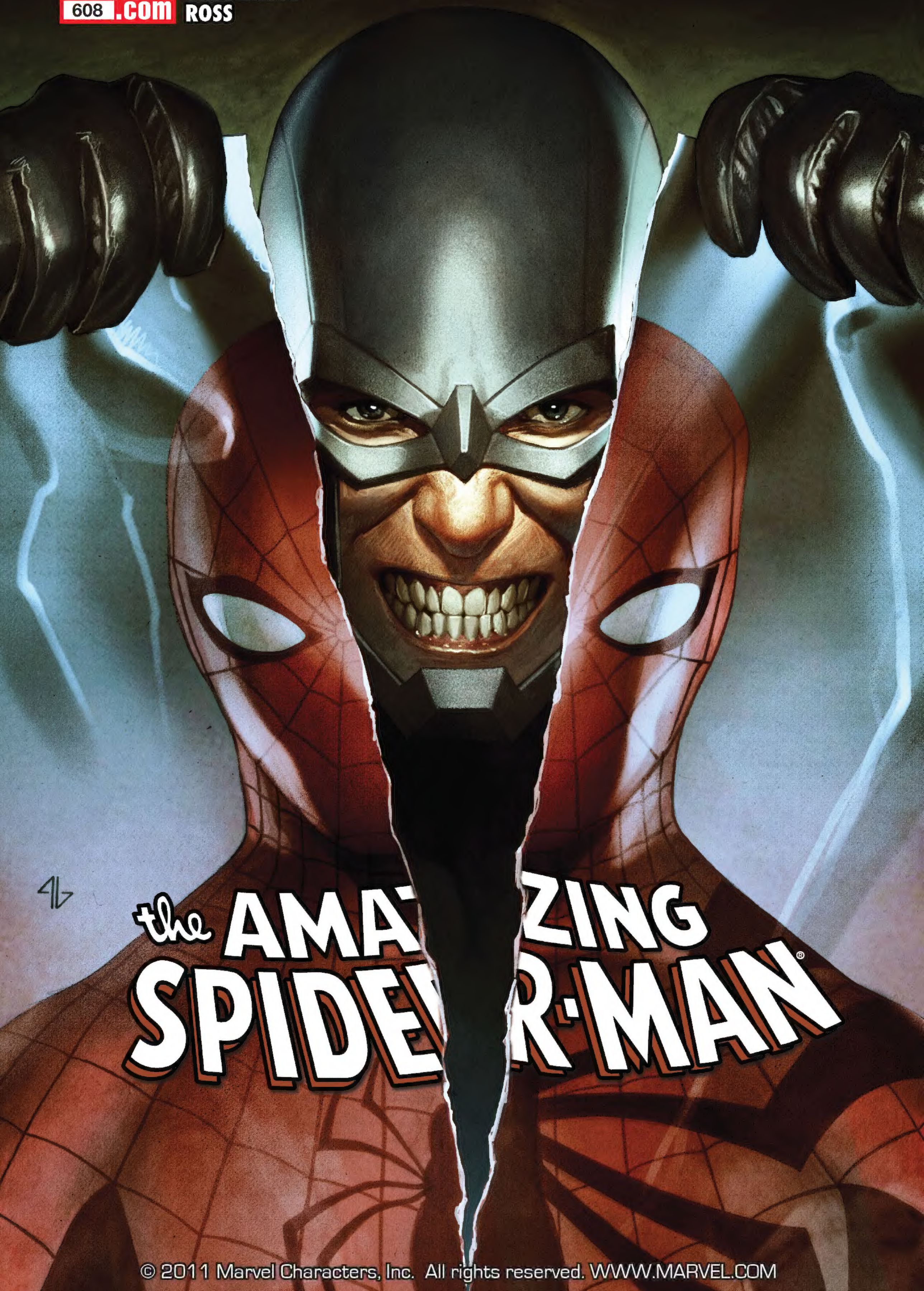
GUGGENHEIM
CHECCHETTO
ROSS



the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

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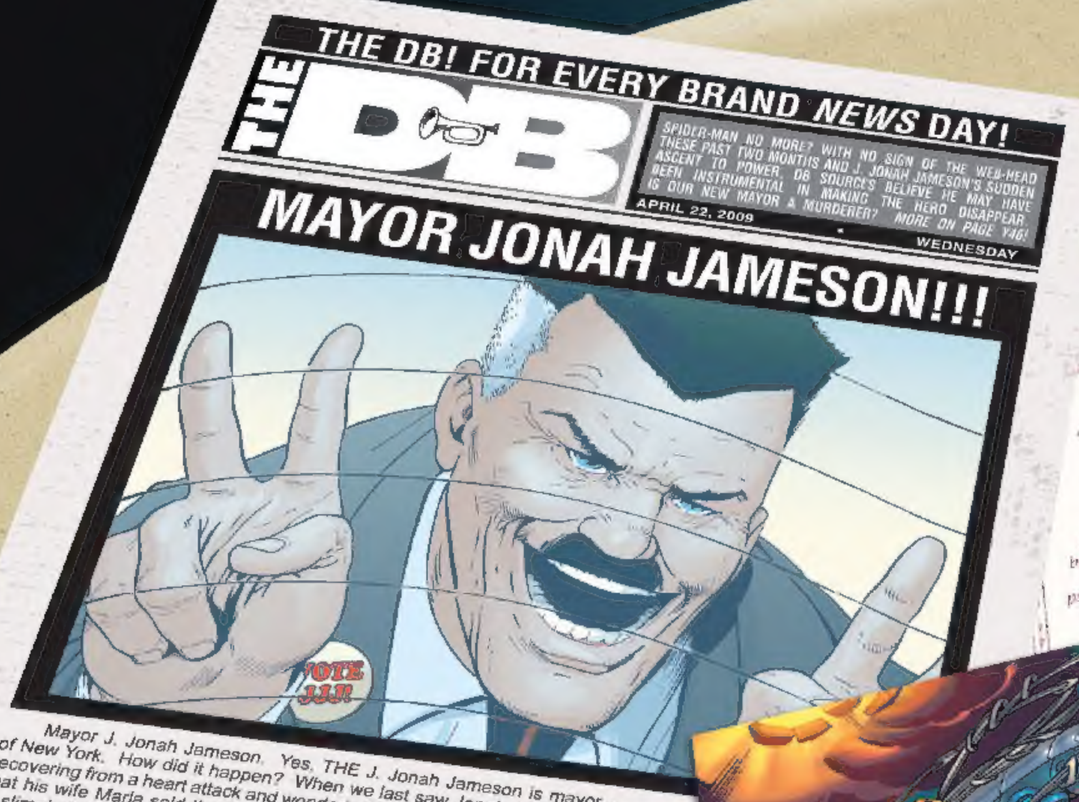
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN


THE DB! FOR EVERY BRAND NEWS DAY!
THE DB
SPIDER-MAN NO MORE? WITH NO SIGN OF THE WEB-HEAD THESE PAST TWO MONTHS AND J. JONAH JAMESON'S SUDDEN ASCENT TO POWER, DB SOURCES BELIEVE HE MAY HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN MAKING THE HERO DISAPPEAR. IS OUR NEW MAYOR A MURDERER? MORE ON PAGE Y46!
APRIL 22, 2009
WEDNESDAY
MAYOR JONAH JAMESON!!!
VOTE JJJ!!
Mayor J. Jonah Jameson. Yes, THE J. Jonah Jameson is mayor of New York. How did it happen? When we last saw Jonah J., he was recovering from a heart attack and wondering what to do with his life now that his wife Marla sold the Daily Bugle out from under him to the king of slimeball journalism, Dexter Bennett. How did he turn it all around? Spidey couldn't tell you – he and the FF were busy quelling civil unrest in the Macroverse, a dimension who's time stream so differs from our own that a short mission cost them two months on Earth! And everyone knows two months in the life of Peter Parker. ANYTHING can change – his rent, his love life, even his circle of friends, a base slightly expanded when Peter begrudgingly unmasked to the Fantastic Four. But the big problem remains clear – J. Jonah Jameson, former Stalin-esque boss to Peter Parker and archenemy to Spider-Man, is now Chief
UND
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By
What beg
unrelated gan
escalated to a
crime organizati
New York City. It's time for Pete to make

PETER PARKER'S P.O.V.

So a little while back, before my Aunt went and got herself hitched to J. Jonah Jameson's dad (also named J. Jonah Jameson, oddly enough), we had an enegagement party up in Boston and met my Aunt's distant family, the Reillys.

The Reillys have made my life very interesting, shacking up in my Aunt's place while she and her new hubby travel the globe. But that's the least terrifying story from the party. The big bad? Some costumed loon with Dinosaur powers calling himself Raptor had been stalking the Reillys in an attempt to track down Ben Reilly.

Who's Ben Reilly? He's me. Well, not exactly – he's my clone, created years ago by the Jackal in an attempt to kill me. He broke free from the Jackal and went on to live his own life, one I assumed was full of unicorns and rainbows and puppy dogs. Seems instead he ran into this Raptor character, formerly a scientist named Damon Ryder. Ryder claimed Ben killed his family, before disappearing into the night.

I can't much help the guy – Ben Reilly died years ago. But the identical face/voice/all-around-handsome features we share make a hard sell. You'd think a dude with Dinosaur powers might believe a story about clones, but no.

So I've got my guard up for him. With my run of luck lately – Doc Ock and the Chameleon popping back on the scene, and my old sometimes-foe/sometimes-flame the Black Cat back on the scene, I can't imagine I'm getting a repriev anytime soon...

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Then.

THANKS FOR COMING IN.

NO PROBLEM, DOCTOR RYDER. THANKS FOR INTERVIEWING ME.

I GOTTA TELL YOU--I'VE BEEN *DYING* HERE WITHOUT A LAB ASSISTANT.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE--

HE WAS *KILLED*. LAB ACCIDENT. EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY.

TRAGIC.

KIDDING. I'M KIDDING. NO, HE DECIDED HE WANTED TO TRANSFER TO ITHACA TO BE WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.

BUT I'D SAY THIS IS WHAT YOU'D CALL A TEXTBOOK--PARDON THE PUN--CASE OF "*TRADING UP*."

PROFESSOR EPSTEIN JUST *RAVES* ABOUT YOU, MR. REILLY.

PLEASE, DR. RYDER...

CALL ME *BEN*.

Benjamin Reilly
Pager: (503)-555-0435

Experience

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Now.

NEW YORK FREAKIN' CITY! HOME OF 24-HOUR CHINESE FOOD, LAX ETHICAL STANDARDS FOR ASSISTANT EDITORS AND THE INTERNET-READY THRILL-SEEKING CRIMINAL:

SCREWBALL!

COULD WE PLEASE DO THIS AT STREET LEVEL? I'M SCARED OF HEIGHTS!!!

C'MON, YOU'RE SPIDER-MAN, HOW--?

I KID. I KID BECAUSE I LOVE.

CRAK

I HIT, HOWEVER, BECAUSE I'VE FOUND THAT'S GENERALLY THE BEST WAY TO TAKE OUT BAD GUYS.

I'M NOT A BAD GUY.

IN THAT CASE, YOU WON'T MIND RETURNING THE TEN MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BEARER BONDS YOU--

--FINGER QUOTES--

--"FOUND" IN THAT INVESTMENT FIRM.

I DIDN'T FIND THEM, I *STOLE* THEM.

YES, THAT WAS THE GENERAL POINT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE.

IT'S CALLED *SARCASM*. I CAN'T BANTER WITH A BAD GUY WHO DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.

FOR THE GAJILLIONTH TIME, I'M *NOT* A "BAD GUY," I'M A *PERFORMANCE ARTIST*. THE WORLD'S FIRST LIVE-BLOGGING SUPER VILLAIN.

I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT "SUPER VILLAINS" ARE BAD GUYS.

TELL THAT TO THE EIGHTEEN MILLION PEOPLE WHO SUBSCRIBE TO MY WEBSITE.

FINE.

SHE'S A BAD GUY, FOLKS. YOU SHOULD STOP GIVING HER ATTENTION AND USE THE INTERNET FOR WHAT IT WAS INVENTED FOR.

VIRAL MARKETING AND ONLINE COMMERCE?

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NOPE.

USING THE GOOGLES TO FIND NORMAN OSPORN. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

OBVIOUSLY, YOU HAVEN'T CHECKED OUT THE AGE-RESTRICTED PAGES ON MY SITE.

DOWNLOAD

SCREWBALL LIVE

AND HERE I THOUGHT MARRYING AUNT MAY WAS THE GROSSEST THING ONE OF MY SUPER VILLAINS COULD DO...

HEY, SPIDEY-- MIND IF I CALL YOU "SPIDEY"?--I'VE GOT A QUESTION: WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, CATCHING ME OR RETURNING STOLEN PROPERTY?

WHO SAYS I CAN'T DO BOTH?

JUST MY GOOD OLD FRIEND...

WHO?

GRAVITY!

WITH GREAT POWER MUST COME GREAT RESPONSIBILITY... AND A LOT OF PAINS IN MY WEBBED BUTT!

OH, COME ON!

I HATE MY JOB SOMETIMES, I REALLY DO.

I DUNNO, PETER...

The Offices of Front Line.

THIS FIGHT BETWEEN SPIDER-MAN AND SCREWBALL'S ALREADY ALL OVER THE 'NET. IT'S GONE *VIRAL*.

WE GO TO PRESS WITH THESE, AND WE'RE LITERALLY PUBLISHING YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, URICH, IS, THAT'S A "NO" ON PAYING ME FOR THESE.

THINK OF IT MORE AS AN "*OBJECT LESSON*" IN WHY NEWSPAPERS ARE *DYING*--LOOK AT THE DB! AND HOW IT'S ON LIFE SUPPORT THESE DAYS.

THANKS, BUT OBJECT LESSONS WON'T PAY MY RENT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS AS CHEAP AS THE MAYOR.

AND MAYOR JAMESON PROBABLY WOULDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO YOU *MOONLIGHTING.*

Y'KNOW, BEN, SPEAKING OF PRINT BEING DEAD, I HAD AN IDEA-- NOW JUST GO WITH ME ON THIS--READY?-- *NEWSPAPER INK.*

NEWSPAPER INK THAT DOESN'T-- WAIT FOR IT--RUB OFF ON YOUR HANDS. IT'S THE 21ST CENTURY, I THINK IT'S TIME.

I'M GONNA TAKE THAT UNDER ADVISEMENT, PETE.

YEAH, HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.

THANK YOU, KINDLY.

HELLO, BEN REILLY.

OH, THIS ISN'T GOOD...

DAMON RYDER.

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

HOW IS HE--?

LONG TIME. HOW'VE YOU BEEN?

PLAY THIS ONE REAL CAREFUL, PETEY.

CALL 555-12 36

RYDER DOESN'T KNOW THAT SPIDER-MAN UNMASKED HIM AS THE GUY WHO ATTACKED PETER PARKER IN BOSTON.*

*IN THE CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36. --GUGGENHEIM**

*IT'S NOT A CLASSIC. MORE LIKE "RECENT." --WACKER***

*IN THE RECENTLY CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36. --GUGGENHEIM

SORRY. THINK YOU'VE GOT ME MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE ELSE--

NO, I REALLY DON'T THINK I DO, BEN.

THE ONLY "BEN" AROUND HERE IS URICH--

HEY!

CAREFUL! LET'S NOT LET ANYONE SEE MY UNDEROOS HERE, ALRIGHT?

IT'S FUNNY, BUT I THINK I LET MY...PASSIONS GET THE BETTER OF ME BACK IN BOSTON, JUST GOING AFTER YOU LIKE THAT...

"...IN THE MEN'S ROOM. THAT WAS SLOPPY. UNDISCIPLINED.*

"THAT WAS IMPATIENCE AT WORK. THE RESULT OF YEARS WAITING FOR YOU TO RESURFACE."

*ALSO IN THE CLASSIC AMAZING SPIDER-MAN ANNUAL #36.--WACKER (SON OF A SLOTT! NOW HE'S GOT ME DOING IT...)

BUT NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU HERE IN MANHATTAN--

--NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THIS NEW LIFE YOU'VE MADE--

--I'M THINKING IT MIGHT BE MORE APPROPRIATE TO TEAR IT APART, PIECE BY PIECE, PERSON BY PERSON, FRIEND BY--

ENOUGH.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU SOUND LIKE A GUY AUDITIONING FOR A RESTRAINING ORDER--

I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHO "*BEN*" IS, PAL, BUT--

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, PETE?

TELL HER, *BEN*.

AND WHY IS HE CALLING YOU "*BEN*", PETE?

BECAUSE, NORAH, HE'S MISTAKING ME FOR MY DEAD *CLONE*.

COME AGAIN?

A FEW YEARS AGO, SOME WACKED-OUT MAD SCIENTIST MADE A *CLONE* OF ME.

TWO CLONES, ACTUALLY. BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S IMPORTANT.

AND THIS GUY THINKS ONE OF THE CLONES--

--WHO TOOK THE NAME BEN REILLY--

--KILLED HIS FAMILY.

WHICH, OF COURSE, I'D NEVER DO. I MEAN, THE CLONED ME WOULD NEVER DO.

THE POINT IS, BEN DIED A FEW YEARS AGO, BUT THIS *LOONY TUNE* THINKS *I'M* BEN.

NO.

THAT'S PROBABLY NOT GONNA FLY.

I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHO "*BEN*" IS, PAL, BUT--

WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, PETE?

TELL HER, *BEN*.

AND WHY IS HE CALLING YOU "*BEN*", PETE?

BECAUSE HE'S A SUGAR-COATED LOONY TUNE.

GET OUT OF HERE, CRAZYPANTS, BEFORE I GET SOMEONE TO CALL NEW YORK'S FINEST--

I'M SORRY, BEN, BUT I CAN'T DO THAT.

NOT WHEN I HAVE SO MUCH *PLANNED* FOR YOU.

YOU WENT AFTER MY *FAMILY*. I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR I GO AFTER *YOURS*.

AUNT MAY'S FAMILY! *MY* FAMILY!

OKAY, THAT'S *IT*.

SECRET IDENTITY OR NO SECRET IDENTITY...

...I'M TAKING THIS JACKHOLE *DOWN.*

WHOA! PARKER DOESN'T HIT LIKE A GIRL!

CRAK

NOW *THAT'S* THE BEN I REMEMBER.

YOU ALWAYS COULD HIT HARDER THAN ANYONE'D EXPECT FROM LOOKING AT YOU...

THEN, AGAIN, THANKS TO THE WORK WE DID TOGETHER, SO CAN *I.*

SOMEBODY CALL 911!

GRAWR!

GNF--!

PETE!

THE END

NOT THAT THIS ISN'T FUN, BUT IT WASN'T PART OF MY PLAN, EITHER.

THAT'S OKAY, THOUGH.

I CAN ROLL WITH THE *PUNCHES.*

CHAK

GOTTA END THIS.

EVENTUALLY, SOMEONE'S GONNA CALL THE COPS AND THEN THERE'LL BE A LOT OF 'SPLAININ' TO DO, LUCY.

SHAK

SOMEBODY WANNA GET THIS NUT OFF ME?

I MEAN, WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE, RIGHT?

LET GO OF ME!

EASY, PAL--

YOU'RE A LIFESAVER, JIM.

IT'S JOHN.

STRONG S.O.B.--

LET GO OF ME--

WHAT'S THIS GUY'S *PROBLEM?*

YOU WANT TO TELL THEM, *BEN?* OR SHOULD I?

POLICE'RE ON THEIR WAY, MISTER--

I REALLY SHOULD BE GOING NOW, REILLY. BUT I'LL LEAVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY.

I CLENCH--READY TO SPRING--

GUY'S GOT A FIREARMS FETISH AND IF HE'S PULLING A GUN--

OKAY, SO NOT A GUN.

HERE. AN OUT OF TOWN COMPETITOR YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN.

Portland

NEWS | LOCAL | SPORTS | LIVING | MULTIMEDIA

POLICE SKETCH

INSTEAD IT'S SOMETHING THAT COULD CAUSE A *BIT* MORE *TROUBLE.*

POLICE SKETCH

WHAT IS THIS, PETER?

IT LOOKS LIKE *YOU.*

STICK AROUND, HAIR BAND. COPS'RE GONNA WANT TO CHAT YOU UP A BIT.

SORRY. THINGS TO DO. PLACES TO BE.

YOU CAN'T JUST SAUNTER INTO PEOPLE'S OFFICES DRESSED LIKE IT'S 1993 AND START TAKING SWINGS AT THEM--

GOTTA COOL OFF NORAH AND FIND A WAY TO TRACK THIS GUY.

TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME OR YOU'LL BE POLISHING A *HOOK* INSTEAD OF YOUR NAILS.

WHY YOU--

UH-OH!

GUYS, I'M GONNA NEED TO EXPLAIN ALL THIS LATER--

I'M SORRY, PETE, BUT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT *NOW*. GUY COMES INTO MY NEWSROOM, STARTS THROWING PUNCHES AND ACCUSATIONS--

AND HE'S GETTING AWAY--

AND GOOD RIDDANCE.

NOW HOW ABOUT SOME ANSWERS?

THIS POLICE SKETCH LOOKS LIKE *YOU*.

WHICH MEANS IT COULD JUST AS EASILY BE BRAD PITT--

ENOUGH! THE ARTICLE SAYS YOU BURNED DOWN SOMEONE'S *HOME*.

NO, IT SAYS THE GUY IN THE SKETCH--I.E., *NOT ME*--BURNED DOWN SOMEONE'S HOME.

SERIOUSLY, PETE, WHAT THE HELL'S THE *STORY* HERE?

"SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, BEN REILLY?"

Then.

'SCUSE ME, DOCTOR RYDER?

I SAID I WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY.

SPILL.

OH, NOTHING YOU HAVEN'T HEARD BEFORE.

I'M JUST THE CLONE OF A GUY WITH SPIDER-POWERS WHO'S NOW LIVING IN *EXILE* UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME.

SEE EVERY SPIDER-COMIC OF THE '90s-- OR JUST TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. --*SW.*

STORY-WISE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN KINDA PARTIAL TO "*THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.*" MAYBE "*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*" TO KEEP WITH THE BIG BAD WOLF THEME...

SERIOUSLY, BEN. YOU LIVE ALONE. UNIVERSITY HOUSING, NO LESS. NO FRIENDS, NO FAMILY I'VE HEARD YOU TALK ABOUT...

MY SITUATION'S A LITTLE... COMPLICATED.

I'VE GATHERED THAT. AND I'M SORRY IF I'M BEING A YENTA HERE, BUT...WELL, IT'S BEEN THREE MONTHS AND I CONSIDER YOU MORE THAN JUST MY LAB ASSISTANT.

ALL DUE RESPECT, DR. RYDER, YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE.

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. I CONSIDER YOU A *FRIEND*. AND IT'S *DAMON*.

Y'KNOW, I APPRECIATE THAT. REALLY. AND I CONSIDER YOU A FRIEND, TOO.

IT'S JUST THAT MY "*STORY*" IS A LITTLE... COMPLICATED.

TOO COMPLICATED FOR A HOME-COOKED MEAL?

LAURA'S SICK OF HEARING ME TALK ABOUT YOU. SHE'S DYING TO MEET YOU. AND I KNOW YOU'D LOVE THE KIDS...

ARE YOU KIDDING? YOU HAD ME AT "*HOME-COOKED MEAL.*"

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE, BEN.

FUNNY, THAT'S WHAT YOUR HUSBAND ALWAYS SAYS--

I DO NOT.

WHEN WE'RE WORKING IN THE LAB. ALL THE TIME, IN FACT. IT'S ALWAYS, "THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE, BEN. WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU, BEN?"

I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO MANY LATE NIGHTS, CLEARLY.

SERIOUSLY, I'VE ASKED DAMON WHAT HE DOES IN THAT LAB LATE AT NIGHT, AND HE NEVER TELLS ME--

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

COEDS.

EXCUSE ME?

HE DOES COEDS. Y'KNOW, ALL THOSE GIRLS WHO LISTEN TO HIS LECTURES, GA-GA FOR HIM.

KEEPS YOUR HUBBY PRETTY BUSY, I GOTTA TELL YOU.

SO WHAT DOES HE PAY *YOU* FOR?

I'M HIS BEARD. PARTICULARLY WHEN HIS WIFE INVITES CO-WORKERS OVER FOR DINNER.

I'M NOT GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU HELP DAMON WITH, AM I?

OKAY, SERIOUS(HUSBAND'S POS(THE EXISTENSE EVOLUTIONAR MUTATION ACC(FOR A GAP I(FOSSIL RECORD WE'RE ATTEMPTIN PROVIDE PROOF O CONCEPT ON ENGINEERING FOSSI DEOXYRIBONUCLEIC USING RECOMBINA METHODS.

?

IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, WE'RE TRYING TO PROVE THE EXISTENCE OF THE MISSING LINK BY *CREATING* IT IN THE LAB.

THE MISSING LINK. LIKE, BETWEEN MAN AND APES?

BETWEEN MAN AND *DINOSAURS.*

THE THEORY DE JOUR IS THAT DINOSAURS DIDN'T GO EXTINCT. THEY MERELY *EVOLVED* OUT OF EXISTENCE.

SAID THEORY POSITING THEY EVOLVED INTO *BIRDS.*

EXACTLY. BUT WHAT IF THEY *DIDN'T.*

WHAT IF THEY EVOLVED INTO *US?*

WHAT IF THEY EVOLVED INTO *MAN?* WHAT IF WE'RE-- EVOLUTIONARILY SPEAKING, AT LEAST--*PART DINOSAUR?*

I'M A LOWLY LAB-MONKEY, MA'AM. YOUR HUSBAND SAYS JUMP, I DEFY GRAVITY.

SERIOUSLY--

THAT'S JUST ABOUT THE CRAZIEST THEORY I'VE EVER HEARD.

YEAH, THAT MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH US HAVING A DEVIL OF A TIME *PROVING* IT.

"HOW THE HELL ARE WE GONNA PROVE IT?"

I MEAN SERIOUSLY, DAMON. WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF FUNDING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FUNDING.

IT'S KINDA HARD NOT TO SINCE THAT FUNDING'S HOW I PAY MY RENT.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FUNDING.

WHY SHOULDN'T I?

BECAUSE I'VE DONE IT.

ACTUALLY, *YOU'VE* DONE IT. TRIAL BATCH 896. THE MAINFRAME COMPILED THE DATA A FEW HOURS AGO.

THERE WASN'T ANY GENETIC CAPTURE WHEN I LEFT LAST NIGHT.

BE THAT AS IT MAY...

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE...

AND BE *THAT* AS IT MAY...

RIGHT NOW, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN OUR LAB, WE'RE GROWING THE WORLD'S FIRST--AT LEAST, THE FIRST IN *MILLIONS OF YEARS*-- HUMAN/DINOSAUR *HYBRID*.

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE HISTORY, BEN. YOU AND ME.

"YOU AND ME, MRS. JAMESON."

Interlude: Morocco Now.

...WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE ENTIRE WORLD. THE TWO OF US.

I HOPE THAT INCLUDES MANHATTAN, MR. JAMESON.

YOU'VE LIVED IN FOREST HILLS NEARLY YOUR WHOLE LIFE NOW, MAY. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MANHATTAN YET, I DOUBT VERY MUCH THAT IT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

I'M SERIOUS.

NOW *THERE'S* SOMETHING NEW.

I MISS PETER. AND I MISS QUEENS.

WE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE BOROUGH HERE, RIGHT?

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THE END OF OUR HONEYMOON--

I HOPE NOT.

--JUST A *LAYOVER.*

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT--

YOU HAVE A ONE-TRACK MIND, MR. JAMESON--

THIS IS NOT UNTRUE.

SO NEW YORK?

NEW YORK THEN VENEZUELA.

VENEZUELA?

EN ROUTE TO *ANTARCTICA.*

OKAY...

...SO THAT'S FIVE HOURS OF MY LIFE I'M NEVER GETTING BACK.

TOOK FOREVER TO EXPLAIN TO NEW YORK'S FINEST THAT I WAS THE VICTIM OF JUST ANOTHER BIG APPLE NUTJOB.

COULDN'T DEAL WITH URICH QUITE SO EASILY.

GUY'S AN INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALIST, AFTER ALL, AND HE'S GOT THIS ONE IN HIS TEETH.

BUT I MANAGED TO CONVINCE HIM THAT (A) I WASN'T GOING TO TELL HIM WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW, AND (B) THE FRONT LINE OFFICES AREN'T A PRISON AND HE HAD TO LET ME GO.

DOESN'T MEAN THE CLEVER OLD CODGER DIDN'T HAVE NORAH TRY TO TAIL ME.

EMPHASIS ON "*TRY*."

IF THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO MY IN-THE-OFFICE KERFUFFLE, IT'S THAT IT GAVE ME A CHANCE TO LAY ONE OF MY PATENT-PENDING SPIDER-TRACERS ON DR. RYDER.

WELL, NOT REALLY PATENT-PENDING 'CAUSE OF, Y'KNOW, THE WHOLE SECRET IDENTITY THING.

IT'S TOO BAD, REALLY, 'CAUSE IT WORKS PRETTY WELL.

SPEAKING OF SILVER LININGS, THE NICE THING ABOUT AN ECONOMIC RECESSION IS IT FREES UP A LOT OF REAL ESTATE FOR THINGS LIKE *SUPER VILLAIN* HIDEOUTS.

STRANGE.

I'M GETTING A SPIDEY-SENSE HIT OFF THE TRACER I PLANTED ON RYDER, BUT NO RYDER.

DAMN.

DOUBLE DAMN.

"WHERE IS HE?"

HI.

CAN I HELP YOU?

HOPE SO. I'M DOCTOR RYDER.

YEAH?

DAMON RYDER? WHAT, PETE DIDN'T MENTION ME? TELL YOU I MIGHT BE STOPPING BY?

WE'RE A LITTLE COMMUNICATION-CHALLENGED.

YOU'RE MICHELE, RIGHT? HIS GIRL--

STOP RIGHT THERE. *ROOMMATE.*

WELL, I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF PETER'S.

HE *REALLY* DIDN'T SAY I'D BE VISITING?

I GUESS WE'RE A LITTLE COMMUNICATION-CHALLENGED AS WELL.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, DAMON?

DID YOU JUST HAPPEN TO LEAVE YOUR COAT BEHIND?

OR DID YOU *SPOT* THE TRACER AND ARE SCREWING WITH ME NOW?

AND WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

Then.

UGH...I HAVE A DEFCON-ONE LEVEL *HANGOVER.*

LAURA SHOULD NEVER LET ME DRINK RED WINE--OR WINE OF *ANY* COLOR-- AGAIN--

DAMON... WE HAVE TO TALK.

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW?

WHAT YOU TOLD ME LAST NIGHT, ABOUT HOW WE'D CRACKED IT--TRIAL BATCH 896--I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT AND I WANTED TO SEE HOW--

BEN, I WAS *BLOTTO.* I PROBABLY SAID I'D CRACKED COLD FUSION, TOO.

I LOOKED OVER THE LOGS AND YOU *DID* MAKE A PARADIGM BREAKTHROUGH.

LET IT GO, BEN--

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GROW THE HYBRID IN A PETRI DISH. WE NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT TRYING TO INSERT THE RECOMBINANT DNA INTO AN ALREADY-LIVING *TEST SUBJECT--*

BEN, I'M WARNING YOU NOW--

BUT, GOD, DAMON--WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING, EXPERIMENTING ON *YOURSELF?*

Now.

HOMICIDAL BAD GUYS WITH A MAD-ON FOR YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD YOURS TRULY I CAN HANDLE.

THAT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE.

BUT DAMON--OR RAPTOR OR VELOCIRAPTOR OR WHATEVER HE'S CALLING HIMSELF--HE COULD CARE *LESS* ABOUT SPIDEY.

HE'S AFTER *PETER PARKER.*

WELL, BEN REILLY, REALLY. BUT YOU SEE MY POINT.

HOW DO I FIGHT A GUY WHO'S--

OH BOY.

URCH--

THIS IS GONNA HURT...

Next:

The Pain Of KAINE

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

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This time out I want to lead off with a couple letters that follow up on something I wrote in the text page for last summer's record-breaking Amazing Spider-Man #600. My crack research system (made up of making Brennan dig up old copies of ASM and Brevoort constantly correcting my work) reprinted the names of the first readers to ever write into the Spider-Man letter column over 45 years ago, and lo and behold, we actually got responses from and about those fans. It was pretty interesting correspondence and really illustrates not only the longevity of Spidey but the passion all his fans feel for the character.

Anyway enough of my profane profundities. I'll shut my typing hole and get to the good stuff...

Hi Guys!

Thanks for the shout-out in ASM #600! I'm still here, though living in NYC now (have been since 1970). Nice idea of listing the letter writers. Wish I still had ASM #s 1-3 though! Be well.

Phil Leibfred
New York City

Our pleasure to show you some love, Phil. Thanks for the years of support. Sorry to hear you no longer have your issues. Oddly enough, Executive Editor (and former bully) Tom Brevoort says he scored his copies by tricking a kid named Phil back in 1964. Say the word and I will deliver a revenge wedgie.

Hi Steve,

Just came home from my local comic shop with a copy of the Amazing Spider-Man #600 and was surprised to see my name in the letter column -- especially since I haven't written in since issue #3. You asked if I'm still around, and yes, I still am.

My ambition when I wrote that letter as a 13-year-old was to be a writer, and that's what I am. At the time I thought I would write for comics and even came to New York in the summer of 1963 as a 14-year-old and had meetings at DC (with Julius Schwartz and Mort Weisinger). I also was able to get an appointment at Marvel, but not with Stan. I do remember sitting with Flo for a while, which I enjoyed very much and it was only later that I learned I was not the only one to meet with Flo instead of Stan. I don't remember quite how she set this up, but she arranged for me to go over to Steve Ditko's studio and meet with him, which I did for about an hour. The memory is hazy and this was my first visit to New York, but I recall Steve's studio being in Chelsea.

I didn't end up writing for comics but I have made my living as a writer, after a stint at NBC in Burbank as a publicist, where I worked on many different series, including "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," "The Bionic Woman," "Man from Atlantis," "The Powers of Matthew Starr," "Voyagers!" and the animated "Star Trek." I wrote the final episode of the animated "Star Trek" series (under the name John Culver because NBC considered it a conflict of interest) and eventually left the network to write full-time. I wrote two episodes of "Star Trek: The Next Generation" with Susan Sackett. I currently write two annual TV specials, the American Music Awards and "Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve with Ryan Seacrest," as well as other TV shows and series. I wrote a weekly column for Billboard magazine for 16 years and have authored four books about music, including "The Billboard Book of Number One Hits." That work led to three guest appearances on "American Idol" over the last eight years.

And it all started with that letter in ASM #3. Who knew?!

Sincerely,
Fred Bronson
(no longer in Culver City, but:)
Studio City, Calif.

Fred, I have so much to say I hardly know where to start.

First of all, your resume sounds like every show young Stevie Wacker used to circle in the TV Guide.

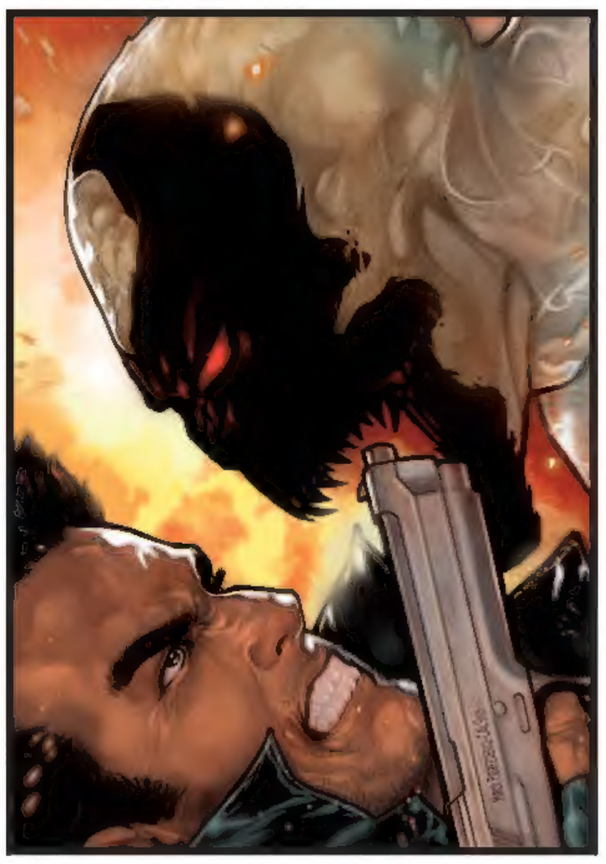
Second, it sounds like you went on to do some pretty cool things. Let Fred be an example to all you unwashed Spidey fans (looking at you, Brennan and Caramagna): sometimes working on Spidey can get you something more than a police record (looking at you, Guggenheim and Slott....and Waid...oh and van Lente back in 1979. NOT looking at you, Joe Kelly. Your face makes my eyes throw up. And you, Bob Gale... what are you staring at?)

{Also to those readers who don't know the Flo Fred references, that is Marvel's own living legend *Flo Steinberg* – the dream girl of many Marvelites – who still works on our books proofreading them week after week and pointing out how painfully unamusing my letters columns are. With any luck, she's reading this very column and marking it up in red right now.}

And finally Fred, your job is to get a picture of Seacrest holding an issue of Spidey looking bemused. Don't let Marveldom Assembled down (the way you let a certain comic book editor down when *Voyagers!* was cancelled!)!

ONWARD!

Next week marks the debut of our new monthly sister title, Web Of Spider-Man. The first issue's lead feature gives you all the background you need on the guy choking Spidey on page 22 of this very issue. His name is Kaine...and he knows Peter Parker better than almost anyone. Plus in every issue, you get another chapter in the ongoing adventures of The Spectacular Spider-Girl! Future issues of Web are gong to give you details on some of Spidey's deadliest villains as they make their comebacks in the pages of Amazing this fall. It's all a part of this fall's big Spidey blockbuster called: The Gauntlet! For every rise, someone must fall. More on this next month!



And since I'm in the pluggin' mood, don't miss issue #2 of our new Anti-Venom mini by web-head Zeb Wells with art by Paulo Siqueira and Chad Hardin. It's Anti-Venom vs. the Punisher...of course it is.

This month we also heard from: Mike Keenan; Bart Hamilton of Athens, AL; Steve Greszik; Frank Bergdoll of Calgary, Alberta; Josh Olejarz; Jacob Lee; Jason Jacoby of Bernville, Pa.; John Sacino of New Jersey (my sympathies, John); Laurence Smith; David Carey of Elizabethtown, Ky.; Phillip Frangules (who sent a too-long-to-print, but well-thought-out letter letting us know he's not too happy with the way we've handled Norman and Harry's relationship); Will Emmons of Richmond, Ky.; Alun Rundle; Eric Klee of Charlotte, NC; and Patrick Kelly of Brampton, Ont. (Sorry if I missed your name, but there's a lot of mail and I gotta get books out at some point! It's not like this in the Ultimate office where I can just get two books out a month and spend the next four weeks poolside with Loeb!)

All right, break's over. Move 'em out, Easy!

Viva Templar!
Simperin' Steve
9/15/09

NEXT ISSUE:

W.W.B.R.!

Send e-mail to SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM (please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)